

The 10 Worst Things That Could Happen At Work

by OneF-ingTon

Category: Halo

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2007-01-27 05:51:18

Updated: 2007-01-27 05:51:18

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:09:53

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,096

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: [RVB] Donut has a bad day. [slash] [DonutCaboose]

The 10 Worst Things That Could Happen At Work

****Title: ****The 10 Worst Things That Could Happen At Work

> ****Summary:**** Donut has a bad day.

> ****Rating: ****PG

> ****Warnings: ****Donut/Caboose, of course.

> ****Notes: ****Caboose's last line is in reference to when Church and Tex go inside his head and Sarge is talking like a pirate.

****1.) Fall out of bed.****

Donut awoke with a start, the base shaking from the force of the attack. Yes, they were under attack. By the Blue tank.

****2.) Misplace your armor.****

"Where is it? Where is it? Where is it?" Donut asked frantically, digging around in his closet for his helmet. Nothing. Just shoes and stuffed animals.

"Donut! Get up here on the double!" Sarge yelled from the roof, only to have his sentence followed up by another blast from the tank.

****3.) Know your enemy.****

"Who's in the tank this time?" Donut asked, running up to where the rest of the team was hiding on the ramp. "Is it Church? Or Tucker?"

"It's the dumb one," Simmons answered. "You know, stronger than anyone else, dumber than a rock."

Donut scowled, but didn't realize that the others could see him - he didn't have his helmet on, but it didn't feel any different.

"Donut, where in sam hell is your helmet? That's a requirement at all times!" Sarge barked.

Of course, the pink armored soldier was not listening. He was peeking out from behind the corner of the ramp wall. Yup. That speck of standard blue confirmed that it was Caboose.

****4.) Get caught in a lie.****

"Hey, Donut, why don't you throw another grenade, like you did with that scary chick in the black armor?" Grif suggested.

Shifting nervously, Donut answered quickly, "I don't have a grenade!"

"Nonsense, pinky pants. I took inventory last night and made sure that you had four grenades, since you have the best arm out of all of us," Sarge said.

Great, Donut thought, _Just great. Why can't I just go take a bubble bath?_

****5.) Nearly get killed.****

Donut screamed. He screamed loud and shrilly, like a woman. The tank fired extraordinarily close to him. There were shouts of protest coming from its side of the canyon, and Donut could only hope it was Caboose telling Sheila to hold fire.

Meekly, the pink soldier tossed a grenade, barely getting it off of the roof.

"C'mon, cupcake, you can do better than that!" Sarge criticized.

"Go Donut! Woo!" Simmons cheered halfheartedly. "Encourage him, dumbass."

"Throw the damn thing already," Grif murmured sourly. "I wanna go back to bed."

Donut gulped, closed his eyes and threw the next grenade as hard as he could. Opening his eyes, he saw that not only did it go _too far_, but it was also too far to the right. Donut grinned at his luck, but nearly fainted as Sheila fired even closer than before.

****6.)** **Be forced to deny sex with your boyfriend.****

"Private McMuffin!" Donut heard Caboose shout, opening the cockpit of the tank and standing up. "Are you and your flaky crust okay?"

Donut blushed. "Yeah, Caboose! I'm fine! Could you, er, ask Sheila to stop shooting at us? Please?" He asked.

Caboose smiled, even though Donut couldn't see it from his distance. "Yeah, sure," he answered, though, truthfully, he was already trying to do that without his asking. He wasn't _that_ dumb. "Hey, Lieutenant Golden Flaky Crust?"

"Yeah Caboose?" Donut asked.

"Are we going to have another sleep over tonight?" He asked, loud enough for both teams to hear, loud and clear. The pink soldier's face was the same color as his armor.

"Uh...no, Caboose, I don't think we should," he answered.

Caboose, saddened and anxious to get back to the base, sighed.

"Alright," he murmured. "See you later, Colonel Banana Nut."

With that, Caboose hopped back into Sheila and drove back to the Blue base, leaving the red faced Donut to explain to his teammates.

****7.) Have to explain everything to your teammates.****

"Donut, what in the name of sweet Chuck Norris just happened?" Sarge asked, stunned and confused.

"Well, sir, I..." Donut trailed off, embarrassed. "I..."

Grif smirked. "Wow, Donut. I was just kidding with the 'Don't ask, Don't tell,' thing," he joked.

"Shut up," Simmons hissed, elbowing the orange clad soldier.

Scowling, Donut finished sulkily, "Sir, Caboose and I are romantically involved."

****8.):** **Being sentenced to solitary.****

Sitting on the cliffs, armorless and alone, Donut pouted, staring up at the night sky. It was the first night at Blood Gulch in over a month, and he had to spend it outside.

With just his boxers on.

"Darn you, Sarge," Donut cursed, rubbing his arms for warmth.

****9.) Getting caught where you shouldn't be.****

"Donut?"

Whipping his head up so fast it hurt, Donut met the gaze of the last person he expected. His face flushed immediately.

"I thought you said you wouldn't be here tonight," Caboose said slowly, trying to digest everything. "But you are."

"Well, Caboose, Sarge thought I needed some time to work everything out," Donut murmured sulkily, rubbing his arms some more. "So he made me sit up here."

"Is it okay if I'm here?" Caboose asked. Donut nodded. Taking off his armor, Caboose sat down and wrapped an arm around his strawberry blonde companion.

"Thank you," Donut murmured, burying his face in Caboose's

shoulder.

Soon enough, their nightly routine was being practiced once again.

****10.) Getting caught doing something you shouldn't be doing.****

"DONUT!"

"Oh my God, Sarge?!"

"Donut! I sent you up here for a punishment!"

"God! Sarge! Can it wait?"

"What did you just-"

Caboose gave the red clad officer a glare. "Mister Blackbeard, sir, we're really busy," he murmured in a frightening tone.

Needless to say, Sarge waited until Donut came back to the base before yelling at him. By that time, Donut had a dreamy smile, a hickey, and no room in his mind to pay attention to Sarge.

End
file.